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ocean fleet, another consideration is the increased facilities for the transmission of the mails. This summer the Postmaster of New York can send off the European mail Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday and Saturday of each week. Arrangements for sorting the mail in transit have been made. Consequently the mail facilities between this country and Europe are increased in a way that is very satisfactory.

Miss WILLARD, in her address to the brainy women at Washington, took occasion to object to the word "female" and scored Mr. CLEVELAND for having characterized ANNA DICKINSON by this opprobrious term. Miss WILLARD is right. Usage and sentiment are the dies which stamp a word with its current value, and they attach an offensive force to the word "female" except in a narrow and restricted use. "Lady" and "female" have both fallen somewhat under the ban, but woman retains its proud force. The great American she is a noble woman. She is unworthy of being styled a "female," and if she is a lady, to be on the right side, call her a gentlewoman.

The skin-grafting industry suggests a problem which has received a solution in a recent example. The problem was: If a negro were to be gradually despoiled of his own dusky cuticle and the fair skin of a white grafted upon him, could he be as good as a white? There might be difficulty in getting so much white skin for such a purpose, but in a case where a section of negro hide was grafted on a white man it grew white. If the reverse holds the problem is solved. The negro cannot become even in appearance a white man.

The women of America who work for their sex by day and dream of a vote by night must regard the career of Mrs. DROOS, of Kansas, with a spasm of delight. Mrs. DROOS, of Kansas, has gathered her skirts about her and descended into the political arena. She frames bills, guides legislation, and holds an admiring clientele of her own sex in admirable subservience. Hoop-la for Mrs. DROOS, of Kansas. Why shouldn't a woman have a good deal to do in a state where an Alliance is in politics?

What a tale is told in the rescue of the Janaville miners after nineteen days of living sepulture in a mine. Worn, faint, barely living, they still survived and, though not strong enough even to be removed at once, they have been brought back to life from the Valley of Death. What joy this means for some wives and children in the coal hills.

What a dramatic spectacle was that where two Socialists, undergoing trial for blasphemy, died together in the court-room while the evidence was being taken! It is a case where the material facts are striking, quite apart from any other consideration.

The "John Chinamen" of a Chinese Sunday school sang hymns at an entertainment in the Chinese language. A celestial voice is a fitting one for sacred music, but as it was a Chinese one it is doubly necessary that there should be no crack in it.

Assemblyman WALTER G. BROWN, of this city, has introduced a bill requiring the lighting and ventilation of all tunnels of the length of 300 feet or over through which trains are run. This is a step in the right direction.

A copper-colored wall is in charge of the city. There seems a certain propriety in the "coppers" having charge of it.

SPOTLETS.

The Queensland sheep-shearers are rowing. It is a case of open opposition.

In mills they do not want top spinners, but tip-top spinners.

The whale industry has not wholly died out of New England. It exists in the schools for the bad boy's benefit.

The most sweet papers are not musical. They "hit the pipe," but do not "strut a note."

"There are no who's in last year's nests."

Because the birds were killed last fall To trim the winter hat. —Puck.

A Russian woman says there are more men than women there. The ladies can't be so mad with beehives there.

In Mr. Porter's case it is not so much a question of the number of facts as the fact of numbers.

Perhaps the Prince of Wales got Albert Victor to go down to the Wilsons to show that a man of Wales family could be round without becoming being played.

The boxes were out in force at the Arion Hall. The boxes were full, and isn't somebody in a box a boxer?

The procession at Gen. Sherman's funeral would have been quite a veteran-ary affair, even if the boxes had been omitted.

WORLDLINGS.

Two of Frances Cooper's daughters, now old ladies, are in the world. It is the very heart of the romantic country that the novelist made famous.

It is not only stout men with short necks who are in danger of asphyxiation. According to Prof. Loomis, Dr. Austin Flint, the thin man is just as liable to die from such an attack as the fat man is.

During the year 1890 2,356 Methodist churches were established in the South, an average of one church in every nineteen hours.

The surviving Union General who commanded departments during the war of the rebellion are: Gen. Banks, Gen. Buell, Gen. Rosecrans, Gen. Sigel, Wallace, D. N. Couch, C. C. Auger, J. M. Palmer, N. J. T. Dana, J. J. Reynolds, H. G. Wright, G. M. Dodge, Schenck and B. F. Kelley.

Gen. Leconte is now eighty-eight years old. At eighty he was a rugged, enthusiastic and vigorous old gentleman, but since the collapse of his great Panama Canal scheme he has aged and broken very perceptibly.

POLITICAL ECHOES.

General Essex Inspector David Hirsch is on a flying trip to Albany.

Assemblyman Moses Dinkelspiel, of the Twelfth District, will not ask for a recommitment this year. Occasional Ben Hoffman is said to be slated for the succession.

The daily Courier, of Albany, has its headquarters at the American Hotel during the session of the Legislature. "Dry Dollar" Sullivan is Chief Legislator.

Secretary John H. Steiner, of the Blacker Association, is an ardent disciple of Isaac Walton. A silver-headed fishing-rod was presented to him by ex-Alderman John A. Drake last week.

John J. Morrison, ex-labor leader and now District Superintendent in the Street Cleaning Department, being investigated under charges of extortion, is a valued lieutenant of ex-Senator George W. Plimburgh, Tammany Hall leader in the Seventeenth Assembly District. The investigation against Morrison is proceeding with great speed.

NEW TRANSATLANTIC ROADS.

The Cunard Company will soon give out a contract for two new boats of the most approved pattern. Apart from the relief to crowded travellers by every addition to the

MAKING BRUSHES.

Nell Nelson Tells How Crippled Boys Can Earn a Living.

The Children's Aid Society's Busy Little Factory.

Boys' Fed and Lodged While Learning the Useful Trade.

Although the brush factory for crippled boys was established nine years ago, there are thousands in New York who are not even aware of its existence.

One cold day in 1882 the tide of misfortune swept an unfortunate boy into the Children's Aid Society. He had been run over by a freight train and both legs severed from his body. He had a home in Riverside, but there was a stepmother in charge, and when Peter was able to hobble about he made up his mind to "cut and run."

He got to the city in some way; hid, slept and starved in wagons and areas, and finally was advised by a kindly disposed and sympathetic officer to try the Children's Aid Society.

He was given all he could eat and drink, with a word of advice and a letter of introduction to Mr. William H. Mathews, Superintendent of the lodging house, 247 East Forty-fourth street.

Mr. Mathews searched far and wide and high and low for suitable employment for the boy, who was as strong in his arms as a young lion and perfectly willing to work. But nobody wanted him. "Crippled, you say, and would only be in the way," they said.

It was no use, Mr. Mathews concluded. He must be cared for by the Society, and at once, for Peter was very human and pre-disposed to be vicious.

His salvation depended upon employment. Basket-making was considered as a profitable industry, so was the manufacture of rope and doormats and brushes, and the latter was selected.

An order was sent to Philadelphia for a hundred gross of broom brush-backs, and a supply of Tampico bristles and horsehair was purchased. A carpenter improvised a shop, and a horse was hired to take charge of it and teach Peter the brush trade.

The pupil did credit to his tutor, and "knew it all," to use his own words, "inside of two weeks."

Other boys, cruelly handicapped, entered the shop, and before the first month's report was out there were thirty at the bench.

While he remained, Peter was king of the factory. He grew strong and hardy under the kindly influence of the House, received all the clothing he needed and was soon able to pay his own way.

It was most pitiable to see the poor fellow going about on his hands and stumps, but he preferred this mode of locomotion to the use of his "timbers," and the officers indulged him.

Success or heredity, or both influences, turned his head. He took to drink, became ungovernable and was suspended. He retaliated by getting out in the street with a pocketful of stones and rattling the windows.

Poor Peter feared pursuit and prosecution, but the Society was not disposed to add to the hardship of his life and nothing more was ever heard or seen of the first apprentice of the New York Brush Factory for Crippled Boys.

The object of the factory is to give all disabled boys an opportunity to become self-supporting. While they are learning the trade they are lodged, boarded and clothed free of charge and paid 50 cents a week.

When proficient they are paid by the piece and paid all they earn at the highest rate. Any boy who can use his hand can make \$2 a week, and many earn \$5.50.

They begin at 7 A. M. and work till 5 P. M., with an hour rest and a free lunch at noon.

After dinner each boy is compelled to attend night school one hour, from October till March. They are allowed to go out any evening till 10:30 o'clock and Saturday till 12.

Each boy pays his way—five cents for lodgings and five cents for meal. Instead of a system of fines for late hours the brushmakers are charged extra for lodgings.

Those who come in after 10:30 o'clock during the six days of the week must pay seven cents for lodgings; on Saturday arrivals after 10:30 pay eight cents; those after 11 pay nine cents, and at 12 the doors are locked.

The work done by these disabled boys is varied and of superior quality. They make "scrubs," with and without handles; window, shoe and stove brushes; daubers, silver, "dander" and printer's eye brushes.

These goods are sold to private families and firms, to street vendors and various institutions, the Hebrew Orphan Asylum being the best customer of the factory.

An average of 100 brushes a week are turned out by each boy. There are benches for thirty, but just now only eight are at work.

These poor little fellows are not long-lived. Many of them die of consumption, and pneumonia is both common and fatal among them. The majority are Irish children, friendless, helpless and homeless.

Some come from Randall's Island Hos-

THE WAYS OF WOMAN FAIR.

Fads, Fashions and Fancies That Delight the Gentler Sex.

The Latest in Pocketbooks—Price List of Sheetings—A Woman to Explore Africa—Sarah Bernhardt's Foot Bath—The Gertrude Dress.

The newest pocketbooks are of dull red or green leather, trimmed with silver and engraved in script. The monogram lettering is not used any more by women of good taste.

JENNIE HILL.

An explosive little creature known as Jennie Hill, all gunpowder and dynamite and red pepper, made her first appearance at Tony Pastor's last night in an almost Patti-esque and Bernhardt-like way. This little thing, 17 of the London music halls, was nearly lost in a perfect inundation of flowers that filled the stage. She modestly remarked that in all her professional experience she had never seen anything like it. And I believe her. The enthusiasm of audiences at the Canterbury, the Per, and the Aquarium does not express itself in such a lavishly gratuitous way.

Jennie is an odd little being, very suggestive of the pictures of the Marchioness in Dickens's "Old Curiosity Shop." She conjured up in my mind all sorts of souvenirs of Sally Brass and Dick Swiveller, and Daniel Quilts, and Mrs. Jellyby. She is clever, too, with a bewildering amount of magnetism that charmed the attention of the audience to songs so hidden beneath a mountain of English slang that they were almost unintelligible to the uninitiated.

No more striking example of personal magnetism and its value can be indicated than Miss Jennie Hill. She is truly a "vital spark," as her friends in England call her. Her song of the London coffee-house girl was well worth hearing, and a more artistic "make-up" could hardly be imagined. Such carefully studied variety made the first name of a melodrama or a local picture. The songs "On the Continuum" and "Arry" were also highly acceptable.

Miss Hill did a sentimental sketch called "Masks and Faces," which was rather irritating. It is strange that English and American variety should handle so strongly for making sentimental. These good folk never will remember that audience in variety halls are there to frolic and laugh. They don't care a button about sentiment and that sort of thing. Yet they get hoarsely intoned ode to mother's vacant chair and Brother Willie's water, and the sweet little baby who's gone to her rest.

This is to me the only inexplicable feature of a variety entertainment. I cannot understand it. It seems incredible that these rough and tumble people should want to be taken so seriously. I suppose they are actuated by the same idea that makes the girl maid write to her luck at Juliet and Marguerite's sister. I did not like Jennie Hill's "Masks and Faces"—anything but sentiment at Tony Pastor's.

At the close of her performance she made a cute little speech, and declared that she already began to understand her audience and could see that she had features in her repertoire that would suit it better than those she presented last night. Then she thanked Tony, after which Tony came out and thanked Jennie.

Thereupon Jennie declared that Tony was a pretty good man, and that Tony asserted that Jennie was a clever little woman. Jennie subsequently shook Tony's hand, and Tony replied by bowing to Jennie.

Marguerite Clime was there, with Mrs. Flynn and McClellan. Marguerite was in the sweetest of tempers and a more saint dress. Her beautiful pure contralto voice rang forth, bell-like, in that touching ode to the obdurate landlady, who wouldn't let her in. "I wish I didn't like Marguerite so dangerously much,"

ALAN DALE.

YOUR NAME BY MAGIC.

A Simple Device That Will Reveal Any Number of Secrets.

By use of the table given below you can ascertain the name of any person or place providing the rules below the letter diagram are strictly observed, says the St. Louis Globe Democrat.

Any Number of Secrets.

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A	B	C	D	E	F	G	H	I	J	K	L	M	N	O	P	Q	R	S	T	U	V	W	X	Y	Z
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Have the names, such as RANDOLPH,